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## *Treasures of the Temple Silence*

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## Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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### Abstract

In the Temple of Silence is a pool of water that some men call the Pool of Vision and others call the Pool of Judgment.

### Keywords

Mythellany; Mythopoeic; Fiction; Treasures of the Temple Silence

# TREASURES OF THE TEMPLE SILENCE

In the Temple of Silence is a pool of water that some men call the Pool of Vision and others call the Pool of Judgment. Within its shallow depths arise streams of air bubbles that flow and dance in ever-changing patterns of intricate complexity. Certain of the temple priests gaze upon these patterns and so induce a trance in which they see things of the past or of the future or of realms beyond the realm of man. These priests refer to the pool as the Pool of Vision. Other priests, noting that whosoever touches the pool alters the patterns it contains, believe that by studying these changes one can learn of the true nature of he who causes them. To these priests, then, the pool is the Pool of Judgment.

The priests who contemplate the pool once saw visions of desperate, battling soldiers and of cities burning in the night. And it came to pass that war soon raged and all the horrors that were seen came true: Soldiers from across the sea invaded the land, slaying many people and looting the cities. In search of treasure, the soldiers came to the Temple of Silence and, threatening the high priest, demanded the Temple's wealth. The high priest nodded and led them to the pool in which their arrival had been foretold.

"Within this pool are all the treasures of our humble house," he said. "Take all that you desire."

The commander of the soldiers, suspicious of the words of priests, knelt at the pool's edge and looked carefully at the patterns in the water. With first one and then both hands he felt the pool's rim and basin, hoping for a hidden door to a storeroom of gold and silver and precious stones. Little noticing how the water's movements grew quicker and more random at his touch, he called to his men to search the pool. Wading in, splashing and cursing, they joined their leader in searching the basin, jabbing at it with spears and swords or peering intently through the now-frenzied water.

A low hiss came from the water, and then a raspy boiling sound; and suddenly the water was an angry, churning mass leaping high in the air. Arms, legs, and weapons jerked in twisted angles and desperate screams shook the stone chamber. In a moment the water fell, the screams echoed away, and there was nothing to see but the pool, still and smooth, weaving its silently enigmatic patterns.

The soldiers were gone.

The argument continues. Some priests call the pool the Pool of Vision and cite the accuracy of its visions of war and death. Others call it the Pool of Judgment and remember the soldiers who vanished within its waters. At odd moments in the quiet hallways you can hear them whispering over the correct interpretation of their temple's treasure.

—Thomas Wiloch



We'll kindle fires on every hill  
From Withernsea to Tintagel.  
From Pentland Firth  
To Isle of Wight  
The watching skies  
Shall burn with light.  
Hogunnaa, hogunnaa,  
Tonight is New Year's Night.

The white stone gleames in my pale hand.  
The dawn I shall not see.  
Light the fire, oh, light the fire.  
The gods have chosen me.

The new priests damn our heathen ways  
and claim we're bound for hell.  
Yet even their forsaken Son  
Was slain upon a hill.

Our beacon burns, and in the night  
As far as I can see  
A thousand fires.  
A thousand die  
On New Year's Night  
- with me.

We'll kindle fires on every hill  
From Withernsea to Tintagel.  
From Pentland Firth  
To Isle of Wight  
The watching skies  
Shall burn with light.  
Hogunnaa, hogunnaa,  
Tonight is New Year's Night.

—Terrie L. West

